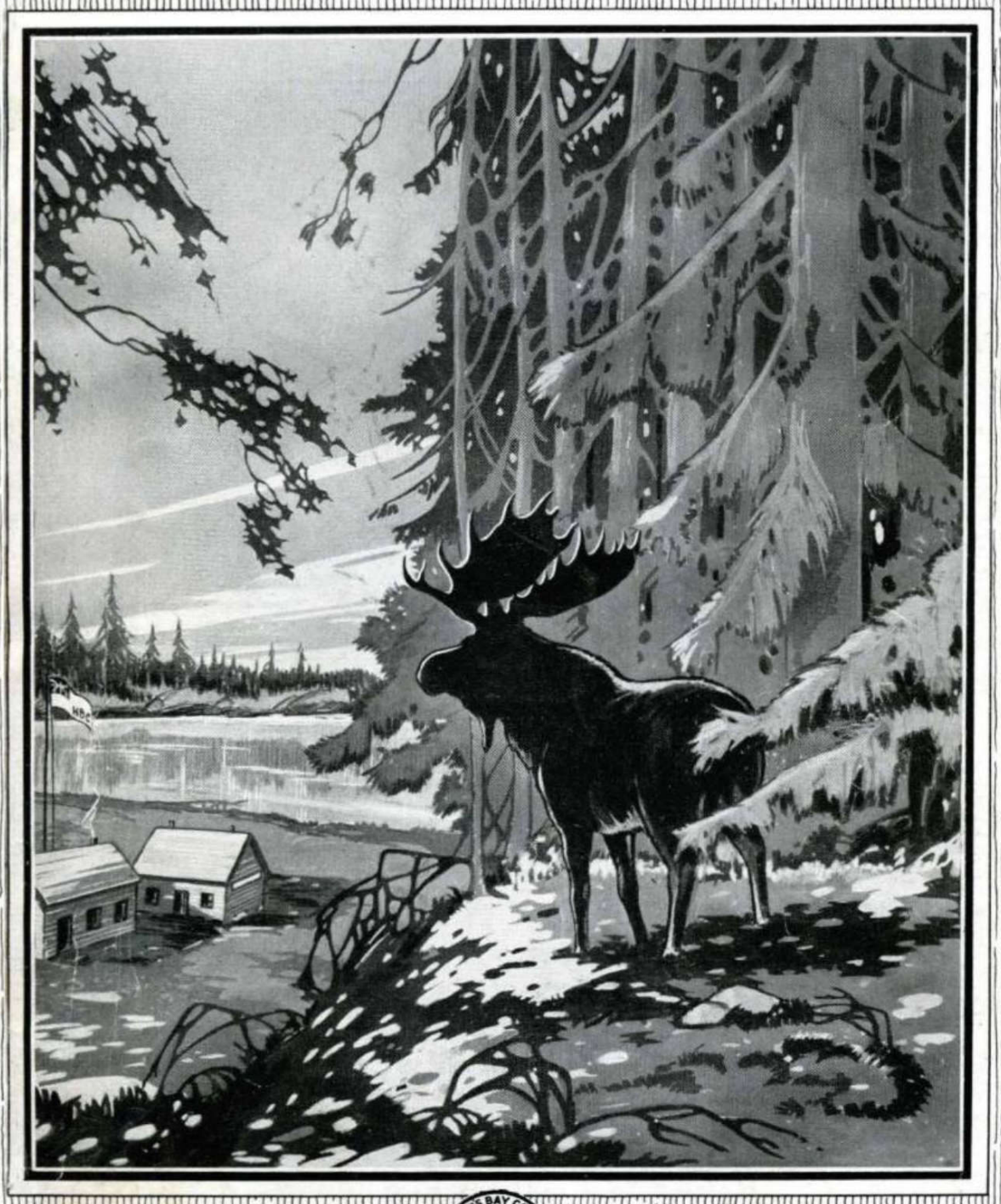
Vol III SEPTEMBER 1923 No. 12

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

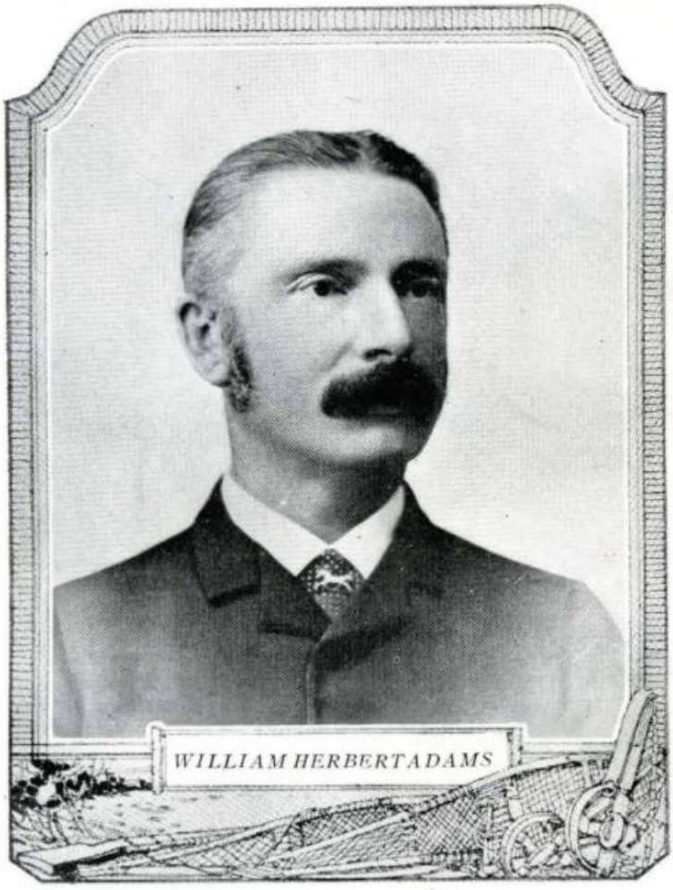


Devoted to the Interests of Those Who Serve the Hudson's Bay Company

"The Men of the Hudson's Bay"

OLDTIME FUR TRADE OFFICERS
OF THE "GREAT COMPANY"

VIII



CAPTAIN WILLIAM HERBERT ADAMS, a retired Imperial army officer, was sent out direct from London in 1884 to take charge of the Company's Winnipeg sale-shop. He received the commission of factor June 1st, 1886. Captain Adams retired from the Service December 31st, 1904.

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THE BEAVER

"A JOURNAL OF PROGRESS"

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VOL. III SEPTEMBER 1923 No. 12

September Days

BROWNED of visage and hardened of sinew, with freshened vitality and a new outlook on things, most of us have returned from annual holidays more fit to grapple with problems that confront us and feeling like the serious work of a long, hard winter will be "just play."

But there are a few who, wisely or luckily, as the case may be, have deferred their outing until September days—when vacations are most enjoyable. Cool, zestful mornings; and the lake trout has got back his gaminess; at noon, almost summer heat, fine for a plunge in the lake; cool, sparkling evenings, kaleidescopic sunsets and the bull moose comes from the darkening forest at the call of the birch horn. The ducks are mobilizing on every marsh and pond, each feathered family of 1923 preparing for the southward trek. Gone from the woods are the mosquito and blackfly, destroyers of camp joy.

Yes, those lucky stragglers among vacationists will have tales of the most pleasant times to tell.

SERGEANT DOUGLAS, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, feeding a young Polar bear at Chesterfield Post on Hudson Bay. Since this picture was taken Sergeant Douglas has left the police and is now in the H.B.C. service.

Winnipeg Not as Pictured by Father

"Winnipeg is certainly quite a different place from what it was described to me," admitted Capt. A. Bullock Webster, of Auckland, New Zealand, August 22nd, at the Royal Alexandra hotel. "You see my father was in Winnipeg from 1876 to 1880 and his tales were all of log cabins, no streets, and a few but very few trees. He was with the Hudson Bay Company, but in 1880 he followed the general rush to New Zealand where he took up land and went in for raising horses. He has been master of the hounds at Auckland for 40 years, having taken out his own dogs from England in 1883." Captain Webster said he had found two or three old-timers who remembered his father, H. Webster, when he was here.

Be Yourself

PEOPLE call down more troubles on their heads by pretending to be somebody else than they would ever have to accept at the hand of Fate. Be content to be yourself, and you will gain the world's respect. Try to appear richer, cleverer, or more influential than you really are, and your life will become one soul-destroying round of ostentation and excuse.

That is not the way to contentment. You remember Professor James's story of the lady who said that the happiest day of her life was when she ceased trying to be beautiful? The retired mechanic who wishes to become a man of business and, having no experience of the kind required, loses his savings in an unwise undertaking and the wife who gets into debt by boasting about her husband's income are both equally the victims of this foolish desire to appear other than their real self.

But the self that we try to foist upon the world can never by any means replace our real self, and directly we assume a strange personality we are degrading and humiliating our own. ". . . There is no greater relief in life than accepting ourselves," says Dr. J. A. Hadfield in *Psychology and Morals* (Methuen).

Yet to be content to be ourselves is not to be satisfied with ourselves. Dr. Hadfield preaches no priggish doctrine of self-complacency. "We are not merely the self we are; we are the self we can be."

We are all endowed at birth with different capacities. We all pass our lives in different circumstances that call out these latent gifts in different degrees. "Know thyself," said the great sage. We need to know ourselves so that we may be ourselves and cultivate our own special gifts in our own special way. To be oneself is something more, however, than the avoidance of shams and pretence. To be oneself is to be true to one's nature, and to endeavour to estimate honestly and fairly the worth of one's training and experience; to know what one can do and what one can't do, and to behave accordingly.—*G. Rhodes.*

H.B.C. and Vancouver Island

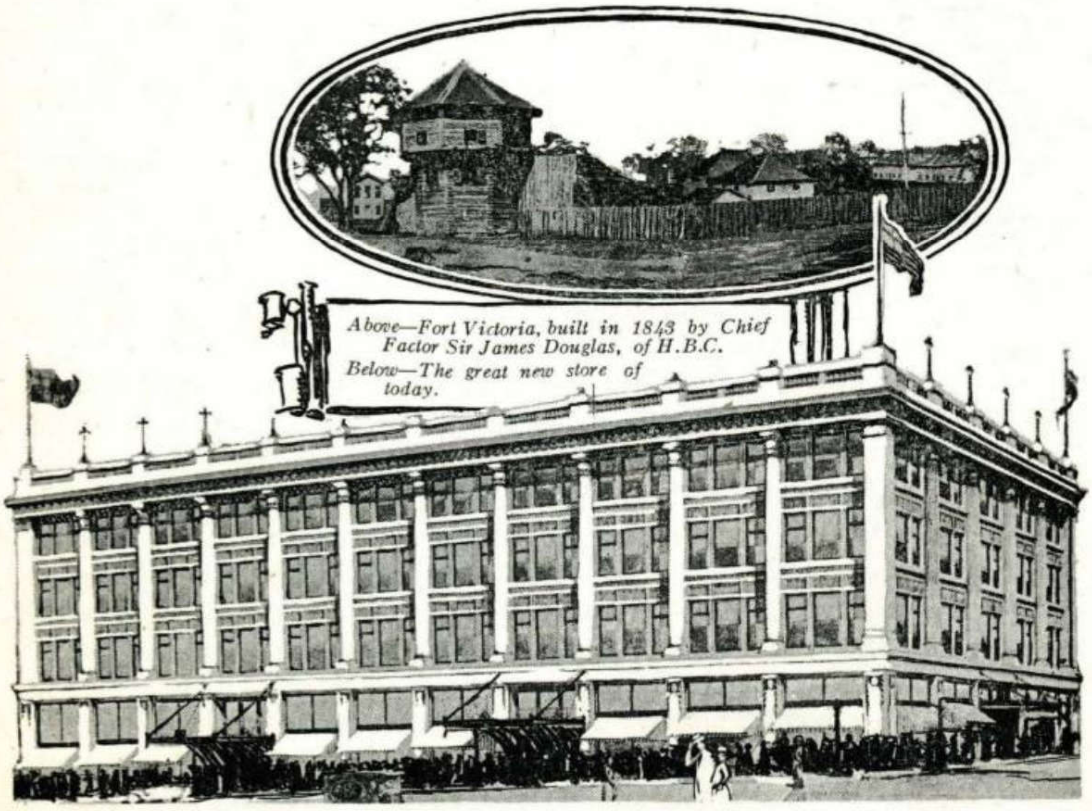
The Great Company's Contribution to Development of Victoria

By E. K. PAUL

IN the early days of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations on the Pacific coast, the territory west of the Rocky mountains was regarded almost as a separate unit. The greater part of goods imported came direct from London by sailing ships, and the officers could communicate with London and receive orders from there more quickly than they could from Winnipeg; therefore the Company's headquarters on the Pacific coast were organized with a commissioner empowered to do what he thought best in the interests of the Company.

Up to 1849 Vancouver, Washington, was the centre from which all affairs of the western department were directed, but it was earlier than this that the Company realized that a new administrative centre must be chosen. The Americans claimed all the Columbia river section; besides, all the interests of the Company were to the north and, owing to the great difficulty of navigating the Columbia river bar, their operations were cumbersome and slow.

They knew that to be successful the country must be self-supporting; but, as they were fur traders, not farmers, some steps to handle the farming must be taken. Therefore, in 1841 the Puget Sound agricultural company was formed, and in a few years they had thousands of acres



Above—Fort Victoria, built in 1843 by Chief Factor Sir James Douglas, of H.B.C.
Below—The great new store of today.

of grain fields under cultivation, besides great herds of cattle, horses and sheep. This enabled them to supply not only their own and the Hudson's Bay Company's wants, but those of Alaska, besides shipping supplies to San Francisco and the Sandwich islands.

A new route to Puget Sound had been opened by way of the Cowlitz river to Nisqually. Still this did not help matters much, as all merchandise from England had still to be delivered in the Columbia, and all that used in the north had then to be portaged to Nisqually, whence it was taken to Fort Langley and Port Simpson. Finally, a determined effort was made to locate to better advantage. In 1842 a party started out to locate a site, and decided that the southeast end of Vancouver island was the best situated for this purpose. On the 12th March, 1843, an H.B.C. party landed at Camosun Harbour and immediately commenced construction of a fort. The wisdom of this choice is shown by the fact that it remains the seat of British Columbia's government today. Roderick Finlayson was left in charge, and he proved well able to carry out the big undertaking entrusted to him. Although it required ten years to get really established, it is not to be wondered at when one thinks of the great distance that he was from his base of supply—England and Eastern Canada. What required years to accomplish then can be done in weeks now.

The fort, when completed, contained a stone powder magazine, bake shop, four large warehouses, two stores, cooper shop, blacksmith shop, grist mill, school, offices, priest's house, bachelors' hall, and numerous servants' houses, which at first were covered only with cedar bark, but in 1846 the whole establishment was overhauled and shingling all the buildings with shakes was one of the numerous improvements made. Besides the buildings inside the fort enclosure, there was a saw-mill built at Mill Stream in 1846, ships' ways built at about the foot of Fort street, a salt house to the south, large stables just in front of the present Royal Victoria theatre, orchards planted and kitchen garden laid out, besides farming operations on a large scale started.

Finally, in 1849, the full staff, headed by James Douglas, arrived and the Columbia river holdings were abandoned. The Puget Sound agricultural company also moved to Victoria, having bought four large farms from the Company. They immediately started operations—Macaulay Point, 1849; Langford, 1851; Viewfield and Craigflower, 1853.

The imperial government was anxious to open up Vancouver island for settlers, and, as a means to that end, granted to the Hudson's Bay Company on 13th January, 1849, all of Vancouver island, the Company agreeing to bring out intending settlers on their ships, open up coal mines, make surveys, build roads, and administer affairs so that the British people would have this magnificent country held and organized for them without it costing them a cent. This object was attained; but as the settlers came they gradually concluded that the country should be governed by

the people and not by a Company, no matter how fairly that company might be disposed to rule. There was, therefore, an agitation started to this end, and the Company consented to re-convey the island back to the crown on condition that all costs of roads, schools, etc., would be returned to them; which agreement was put into effect on April 3rd, 1867.

The Company had a coal mine in operation at Fort Rupert and one at Colville Town (Nanaimo), and were exporting large quantities of salmon, cranberries, shakes, lumber and spar timber. They were also manufacturing bricks, but, being compelled to put some sort of ballast into their ships voyaging from London, used bricks for this purpose. As the English-made brick seemed of better quality than the ones made at Victoria, the English product was used when the first H.B.C. store was built. It was used both as a wholesale and retail store during the great Cariboo gold rush, 1856-65; Omineca, 1869-70; Cassiar, 1870-72, and Klondyke, 1897-1900, and the goods passing through it have made a reputation for the Company that will long endure. On no account was there allowed to pass out anything from it that had not been tested and found above the high standard set, and the policy proved to be best many years ago is still being carried out in all H.B.C. modern stores.

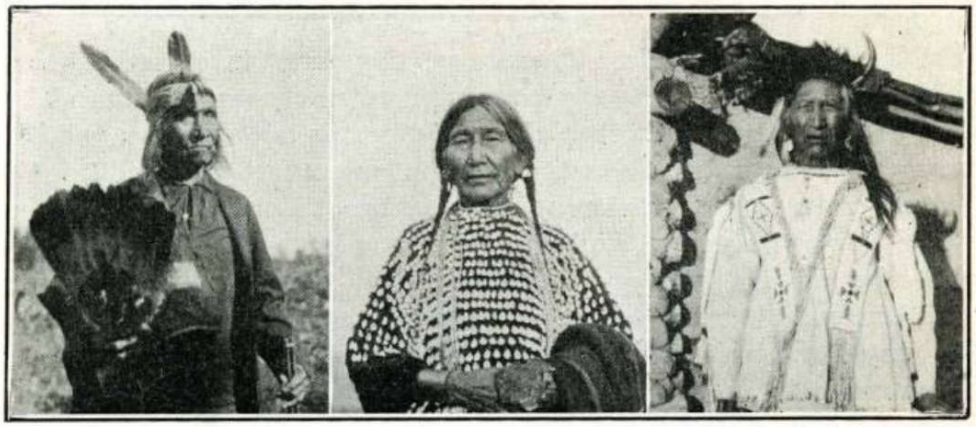
In order to develop the country and take care of its trade, steamers and sailing ships were built and brought out from Emgland. The first steamer built by them, and indeed the first steamer to operate on the Pacific coast, was the paddle-wheel *Beaver*, 1835. Next came the *Labouchere*, propelled by paddles. Too large to operate successfully, after one year's operation in the north it entered the Victoria and San Francisco trade, but unfortunately was wrecked at Point Bay on her second trip. Next came the *Otter*, the first screw-propelled ship to operate on the coast, and proved very suitable for the trade.

The beautiful city of Victoria stands today a monument to the pioneering achievements of the H.B.C., who contributed so much to the settlement and industrial development of Vancouver island.

Just Among Ourselves

PRICE is a commodity in which there is no monopoly. Price is the stronghold of weak stores and the weakest argument of strong stores. Stores that can compete with you in nothing else can way outsell you on the price. Price tears down the reputation which quality builds up. Price makes enemies where quality makes friends. Poor quality is resented long after the low price is forgotten.

Don't play a game where the cards are stacked against you. If you sell quality merchandise on a price basis don't blame the public for overlooking the quality and buying elsewhere on price. If you make your purchases as if you believed that all quality merchandise is sold in towns larger than yours, you cannot blame your customers if they make their purchases on the same basis.



Left—White Cap, Sioux brave of the Qu'Appelle agency, Saskatchewan, who is generally conceded by all Indians to be one of the most noted Indian warriors left on the Canadian plains. He was a prominent figure in the days of the Minnesota massacre, having at that time rushed across the border into Canada with the other Sioux refugees who slew 500 white people in the Redwood agency of Minnesota. White Cap is 98 years old. His grandson was killed in the Great War as a Canadian soldier. He states that he likes Canada better than the United States because he has been able to live in peace here during all these years.

Center—Mrs. Good Elk, famous Assiniboine beauty of sixty years ago, who was stabbed seven times in the historic Blackfoot massacre which occurred forty miles north of Saskatoon in the spring of 1862. Her two brothers and two of her sisters fell by her side and her father was killed a few hours later. At the age of 76, her wounds are now under the treatment of the government physician at Sintaluta, Saskatchewan, having "come back" on her during the past year. The tatooed marks running down from the corners of her mouth were a mark of distinctive beauty for plains maidens of the pre-frontier days.

Right—Big Darkness, Assiniboine brave, who vowed to keep the peace after his sister married a mounted police sergeant during the heyday of plains warfare. From that day on he never went out on a war party with his fellow-tribesmen. At the age of 68, Big Darkness now lives on the Assiniboine reserve near Indian Head, Saskatchewan.

Open Letters

Addressed to Maria by a Friend

Edited by G. R. RAY

II.—Marriage, or Choice of a Husband.

DO not suppose, Maria, that I have the most distant wish of conveying to your mind an unfavorable idea of marriage, as I have every reason in the world to speak highly of that state, and I wish to see you, and every amiable woman, united unto a worthy man. But it is far better to remain single than to form an uncongenial union. It is impossible for two persons to walk comfortably together if they have not nearly the same pace and like to tread the same path, and are ready to support and comfort each other when they meet with rough and difficult places which they must pass on their journey. Young people are too apt to suppose their path is to be always smooth; that life is to be eternal spring; that verdure and blossoms are to delight their senses to the end: but blighting winds and chilling frosts will succeed to all the delights of spring.

"Life is a sea where storms must rise:
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies.
He who contracts the swelling sail
Eludes the fury of the gale."

Life, Maria, is full of evils. Young persons, therefore, who think of marrying should endeavor, as far as human foresight will go, to choose such a companion for life as is likely to be their comfort and support in the days of affliction. But young men and young women who are educated in a course of dissipation have no idea of real worth or how essential it is to any degree of comfort in domestic life. Young men too frequently choose a wife for a beautiful face, a fine voice, or a delicate touch on the keys of the piano. These are pleasing things in a young lady, but non-essentials. I believe the *lover* is sometimes entrapped by accomplishments that are the source of the greatest uneasiness to a *husband*; for if a wife possesses nothing better than those external graces, she will, perhaps, be dancing and singing, and seeking opportunities to excite admiration, when she should be cultivating the minds of her children. On the other hand, it is of great importance, Maria, for a young woman to think very seriously of what she is about before she solemnly vows to honor and obey any man. I have heard young ladies say they like dashing young men: I thought it was a strange expression, and I made a point of learning what a dashing young man was. I found it to be an appropriate epithet, for it seems it is one of those high-spirited souls who have courage enough to dash through the commands of God and the decorums of society; that spend their nights in bad company, drinking and gambling and riotous pleasures, and dash out, at the dawn of day, full of liquor and mischief, insulting and quarrelling with every sober person they meet and, after dashing through thick and thin for a short space of time, dash into prison or too often dash out of the world into an eternal state by means of poison or a bullet administered by their own hand.

I thought to have concluded here, but I must trespass upon your patience one moment longer. Do, Maria, tell some of your young friends that, if they wish to be properly noticed by sensible, worthy men, they must adorn themselves with modest attire, and, if the idea was not almost too obsolete, I would add shamefacedness. With respect to dress, I see no reason why young people should not display taste. There certainly is no religion in a young woman being dressed like her grandmother; but it appears at this moment more necessary for mothers to watch the want of dress in their daughters than its exuberance, and as soon as she perceives them begin to disrobe, she should send them to their chambers, for that is the only place in which young women should drop their garments. But some praise is due that this undressing plan has been a gradual business; for had they issued forth all at once in their present state, like persons in the dead of the night from a house in flames, it might have spread a general alarm, and every gentleman that met them would

have thrown off his coat to cover them; but the matter has been so prudently managed that young men will become indifferent to such striking effects.

H.B.C. Absorbed Nor'-Westers in Fur Trade

THE following letter found in the H.B.C. archives refers to the amalgamation of the Hudson's Bay and North-West Fur Companies in 1821:

Moose Factory, June 18th, 1821.

To Alexander Christie, Esq.

Dear Sir,—I have recently received a dispatch from the Honble Committee by way of Canada in which they inform me that they had at the time of writing nearly completed an arrangement with the N.W. Company, and that the deeds were then in the hands of the lawyers. The principal on which the arrangement will be founded is in their own words as follows: "That, commencing with the outfit of 1821, the whole fur trade now carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company and N. W. Company respectively shall be carried on by the Hudson's Bay Company both without and within their territory and including the King's posts in Canada, the Columbia and all places where either company may at present trade or where it may be hereafter determined to establish a trade with the natives. For this purpose all the forts or trading posts now occupied by the N.W. Company which they have in the country are to be taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company. No value is to be put on buildings, but the goods, provisions and stores are to be taken at the N.W. tariff used by them in settling their annual inventory. On the same principal, no value is to be put on our buildings, and our goods, provisions stores, etc., are to be valued at the same tariff, taking the goods in the general stores of York and Moose Factories at the same rate as those of the N.W. Company at Fort William, and in other places at the same rate to both parties."

Dear sir, with much esteem, your obedient servant,

THOMAS VINCENT.

Extract From H.B.C. Moose Factory Journal, 1750

5th November, 1750—This being the fifth of November, hoisted the flag in the morning, read Prayers, sung a Psalm, and read one of Tillotson's sermons suitable to the day. After dinner drawed the men out upon the Plantation under arms, and gave three volleys. In the evening gave them BRANDY to drink the health of the Royal Family.

Note—*Brandy was a strong alcoholic liquor distilled from wine. The name was also given to spirit distilled from other liquors, and in the United States to that distilled from cider and peaches. In northern Europe it was also applied to a spirit obtained from grain. Its uses were multitudinous.*

Lore of the Mackenzie Basin

(*Continued from August issue*)

Exploits of Moose Hunters in the Fur Country

BY WILLIAM CORNWALLIS KING
(*Chief Trader, H.B.C., retired.*)

IN accordance with their custom handed down from olden times, the Montaignes, or as they styled themselves, "Chipewyans" (*i.e.*, pointed leather shirt), and their neighbors living to the east of them, the Yellow Knives or copper country Indians, convened in the vicinity of what is now called Fort Resolution, or, in their own language, Moose Island Fort. Their chief object was to get supplies (*i.e.*, "debt"), to enable them to start off on their autumn hunt, from the Hudson's Bay and North-West companies; also to hold a great powwow council, feast, dance and medicine men's carnival to extol their great feats as hunters or warriors and their supernatural powers.

On this occasion many of the young bucks took to themselves young women in marriage. Many of the more mature natives took to themselves a second or third wife or exchanged wives. So altogether this was a very grand occasion, which often ended in much noise and occasional bloodshed.

The Chipewyan chief on this occasion was named *Frieze* on the H.B.C. books, but his tribal name was *Fle et zas* (The Wonder). He had been a very successful hunter and was reputed to be honest (when it suited him). He held considerable influence among his own people. The Chipewyan band or party comprised about fifty heads of families or hunters besides old women, orphans and dogs. These encamped in the vicinity of the H.B.C. post on the mainland southwest of the mouth of the Elk or Slave river where it enters into Great Slave lake.

The Yellow Knife party comprised about twenty-five hunters, some with families, but all had dogs. They camped on the island about three miles away, close to a Roman Catholic mission (Rev. Pere Gascon, O.M.G.).

For many years a very unpleasant feeling had existed between these two neighboring bands of hunters, said to have been caused by the mysterious disappearance of two Yellow Knife hunters close to the Gross Cap.

Frieze, the Chipewyan chief, invited the Yellow Knife party to attend a three-days festival. They were to have a good time, with lots of noise, talking, eating, dancing and gambling. This invitation the Yellow Knife party accepted, but did not feel very comfortable or overjoyed at the expected honor. Anyhow, they decided to attend, leaving three or four to look after their belongings at Moose island by way of a precaution. The Chipewyan chief and party left the vicinity of the fort and encamped at the mouth of Little Buff river, about six miles to the southwest. After

getting their tents set up and their fishing nets put down in the water, *Frieze* called his young men together and directed them to go off hunting for a few days to obtain the best of food for the great feast. This they did and returned more or less successful. They killed fat moose, wood deer, wood buffalo, beaver, rabbits, chickens and wild fowl. The women collected lake trout and whitefish. They obtained some tea from the trader, but less sugar, no flour or bacon, but quite a supply of roll and plug tobacco, some gun powder, ball, shot and flints. There were no gun caps in those days.

On the appointed day the Yellow Knife party arrived. Everything being ready and a good supply of food on hand, the ceremony began. The chiefs met, exchanged pipes, smoked, grunted. Every drum, tambourine, pot and pan that would make a noise was brought into use in honor of the visitors. Then all sat on the ground, which had a carpeting of green pine or spruce branches covered with soft, old wives' grass. Then came eating and drinking. The tea was black as ink and bitter as gall. Next the pipes of reed or red willow were produced. Women and children were singing and yelling, accompanied by the dogs and drums. Then came "orations," accompanied by grunts by way of approval.

This festival continued for two days and nights with short intervals. Each orator and hunter extolled his own personal exploits (fairly well colored) in a tone slightly sarcastic to the hunters of the other party. The Chipewyans seemed to be getting the best of the speechmaking.

The Yellow Knife leader started rubbing himself up with vermilion and fish oil, which meant that he intended to have a finger in the game. Then he stood up, tightened his deerskin robe and adjusted his hunting knife, which according to custom hung round his neck, adorned with the dew claws of cariboo and barren land bear claws. He looked at the assembly with scorn depicted on his countenance, quickly but quietly drew out his hunting knife, uttered his tribal war cry thrice, approached the Chipewyan chief, waved his knife N.S.E.W. and plunged it into the ground just midway between them. At this his followers became excited and yelled. The Chipewyans grunted *Ooouah*, waiting to see what their chief *Frieze* would do. He remained seated, but a cloud was on his face. There was deep silence. Now the Yellow Knife leader opened his mouth, exclaiming, "You Sons of the Pointed Shirt are certainly great liars, and you have had the best of the talking. You are like a flock of gulls and geese all screeching at once. But pick out your best liar, and I will listen to him first, then I will tell you what a Yellow Knife hunter can do. I have spoken."

He sat down, and his headmen filled his big calumet, lighted it and gave it to him. He took a puff or two, then they each in turn took a draw or two and sat down grunting. The Chipewyan chief slowly arose, looked at his people, pulled his blanket around him, smeared his face with vermilion mixed with beaver fat, yelled his "college whoop" (in

which he was joined by all his followers), beckoned to the boys and women to strike up the "music" (*i.e.*, drums, pans, kettles, etc.), helped by the dogs howling. In a few minutes he raised his hand with his hunting knife extended W.E.S.N., exclaiming *Dool the, dool the* (*i.e.*, silence or shut up). Pompously, slowly, even gracefully he walked up to the Yellow Knife leader's knife, plucked it up, frowned at it, spat upon it, and stuck it up in the ground in front of its owner.

Silence reigned for a while. Then he began: "You hunters of the Yellow Rock country, deer eaters, listen! I will appoint Gross Francois, the white traders' fort hunter, to talk first and tell you what he has done and can do, as a moose hunter. And we have many more like him. Now you select your best hunter, probably *Laundrie* the wizard, and he will lie to us, and we will smile." Another short interval—general pandemonium. The Yellow Knife leader stood up, waved his arms, and he too shouted for silence. Things began to look like roughhouse work. The old men started to talk, saying, "So far all is well. Let us listen to Gross Francois, our Chipewyan moose hunter. Then we will listen to *Laundrie*, the Yellow Knife wizard. They are great moose hunters."

Upper left, Louis Cadien; right, Baptiste Mandeville who told the story to Mr. King; bottom, barren land encampment of Yellow Knife Indians.

Now the women and kiddies began to talk, saying, "First, let us dance tonight," the kiddies all yelling together "Let us eat! Let us eat! and tomorrow you will talk." So the whole crowd (both parties) agreed to this plan. The chiefs got up and exchanged pipes, looked at one another, but said little. The general crowd dispersed. The Chipewyan leader called a private meeting of his people at his big fire and tent. The Yellow Knife chief and his smaller band collected around their own fire.

The result was that Big Francois and *Laundrie* were to be put to the actual test to see which hunter was the better, and results not words were to demonstrate the fact. Terms and conditions specified that next day the two men selected should go off for a three-days hunt, attended by one young man each, and one young woman each to accompany them as camp attendant and to preserve the skins of the animals killed. They should have one gun and one knife between the two, find a suitable moose track agreeable to both; draw lots to determine who was to hunt; the hunter was to mark the moose on the foot with his knife, return to his opponent, tell him where the marks were, and then the other was to take the gun and shoot the moose.

They pulled the stick, and it fell to the lot of Gross Francois, the Chipewyan expert hunter, to proceed and mark the moose's hoof. This he accomplished, having found the moose lying down resting, as it is customary with them to do about noon. He quietly approached the recumbent moose, softly scratched his assigned mark on the left hoof about two inches above the point of the left fork of the branching split hoof, and then slowly and quietly withdrew, returned to his Yellow Knife competitor and told him all necessary particulars. Now it was up to *Laundrie* to approach and shoot the moose. *Laundrie* sneeringly smiled, took the gun, loaded it and started off. In almost an incredibly short time a gunshot was heard; so Gross Francois, the two assistants and the two women camp helpers went to examine the shot moose. True enough the moose was dead, and the mark distinctly appeared on the appointed place. So now it was up to *Laundrie*, the Yellow Knife expert.

Another moose track was found later in the day, so they decided to camp there and hunt it the following morning. As the moose was feeding about that time, *Laundrie* returned to his companions and waited till about noon, when the moose might be resting. After this troublesome delay, *Laundrie* set off again, approached the moose and made his mark on the left foot as was decided upon. But, not content with that, he also scratched his "totem" mark on the right hoof, returned to the others and told them what he had done. Francois, in his turn, now took the gun and began business. On arriving at the spot where the moose had been lying down, he found the moose had gone away and strayed into a party of three other moose. This did not trouble Francois. He trailed his animal and kept to him, although he had joined the other three moose. Briefly, Francois not only shot the marked moose, but the entire herd,

and the marks were distinctly noticed. Now the test of skill was undecided, as both hunters had satisfactorily accomplished this wonderful feat of hunter's skill. So they all returned to camp. A council was called. Each hunter stated his case and was "cheered" to the last echo. Women, drums, dogs and all. A very hot argument took place. Ill-will and jeers were rampant between the opposing partisans. All hands, even the dogs and kiddies, joined in. The Chipewyan chief began his oration, but maintained that his representative was the better hunter. At this the Yellow Knife leader stood up, and spoke. Translated freely it might be, "The Sons of the Pointed Shirt excel in nothing except lying over the braves of the Yellow Rock hunters." He uttered a yell thrice, waved his knife W.S.E.N., took off his breech cloth, threw it at the feet of the Chipewyan chief, made pointed fingers at him (the sign of contempt), yelled out, "Men of the Yellow Rock, back to your tents." The assembly dispersed, and still the ill-feeling remains as strong as ever.

Winnipeg in 1875

THE city assessor's rolls for 1875 showed about 2000 males and 1000 females as real estate owners. Many were non-residents. The population of the city numbered about 6000 souls. The value of real property was $1,808,567; personal property, $801,212; total assessment, $2,609,719. Protestant heads of families, 1003; Catholic heads of families, 145.

Among the heaviest ratepayers were the following, assessed for real and personal property: Hudson's Bay Company, $595,000; Hon. Mr. Bannatyne, $84,000; Mr. MacDermot, $78,876; Mr. Macaulay, $44,500; Mr. Alec. Logan, $53,000.

The water supply was generally obtained from the rivers and was delivered at the houses in barrels drawn by mules or oxen. Wells, unless sunk to the rock, were alkaline. There were many public and private

Winnipeg "Water Works" in 1875

schools; a Young Men's Christian Association, with free reading rooms; several newspapers, among which was the *Free Press*, at that time a daily and weekly, also the *Standard*, a weekly. There was a race course a mile in circumference off what was then the Portage road.

Besides the wild men of the plains, there were to be found other former denizens of the wilds—the pets of Garry. In the half acre attached to the Ontario bank was a pretty red deer. Young black bears were often seen chained in gardens. Foxes peeped from their holes, to run in as far as the chain would permit on the approach of a human. A young cinnamon bruin had his lair behind one of the warehouses. Buffalo calves were frequently brought in to the traders. Every house of any pretension had its show of stuffed birds, skins and horns. In some the only carpets were the soft furs of bear, wolf, buffalo, mink and badger. The priests of St. Boniface were skilled in the curing of birds' skins, and had many fine specimens.—From *The Prairie Province, 1876*. Geo. R. Ray.

Henry Hind Discovered Canada's "Fertile Belt"

IN July, 1857, an expedition was organized by the Canadian government under Henry Hind to examine the country between Lake Superior and the Red River of the North; and in 1858 another expedition under the same auspices was equipped for the purpose of exploring the vast Assiniboine and Saskatchewan districts.

The main object of the two expeditions in which Mr. Hind was engaged was to ascertain whether a route was practicable through British North America from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. The idea was not new. *The Journal of the Geographical Society* for 1852 contained a lucid and admirable paper by Capt. Synge, R.E., proposing a route which would afford a rapid communication with the Pacific and the East via British North America; and other enterprising explorers, among whom Capt. Palliser held a prominent position, pointed out the great importance of establishing a similar line of route. But no explorations previous to those of Mr. Hind gave such accurate data for determining the best line of route through British North America to Columbia; and the great feature in Mr. Hind's trip was the discovery of what he called a "fertile belt" of land north of the great American desert.

Mr. Hind prophesied in his report that before long a great nation would subdue and render fruitful this vast district, which was designated as the basin of Lake Winnipeg. "Its fertility is amazing," he wrote. "The great fertile belt, besides being thus agriculturally rich, possesses vast stores of lignite coal, iron and salt; and the prairies teem with buffaloes, which are entrapped in enormous numbers by the Indians, who wantonly kill hundreds merely for the sake of their tongues. Unhappily there is a dark side to this picture of prosperity. The insect plagues of Egypt are, it seems, reproduced in Assiniboia; and it not unfrequently

happens that plenty and luxuriance are turned in a few hours into scarcity and utter desolation. The destructive agent is the grasshopper, countless millions of which suddenly appear in the summer."

H.B.C. Bill of Fare, York Factory, 1838

IT will be of interest to our readers to learn that the food provided at the H.B.C. officers' mess was varied and substantial. Beef, potatoes, and pork were raised on the "plantation," as it was called in those days. Country provisions, venison, fish, geese, rabbits and partridges appear to have been plentiful. The menu reads as below:

1838		*Breakfast*	*Dinner*
Dec.	1	Fried fish	Soup, stewed partridge, pork chops, potatoes, cheese.
	2	Beef steak	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, pudding, cheese.
	3	Fried fish	Soup, stewed rabbit, boiled partridge, potatoes.
	4	Fried fish	Soup, venison pie, broiled partridge, potatoes, tart.
	5	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, cheese.
	6	Fried fish	Soup, roast pork, curried partridge, potatoes.
	7	Fried fish	Soup, salt beef, potatoes, pudding, cheese.
	8	Fried fish	Soup, roast venison, beef steak, potatoes, cheese.
	9	Beef steak	Soup, roast beef, pudding, cheese.
	10	Fried fish	Soup, stewed rabbits, partridges, potatoes.
	11	Fried fish	Soup, venison pie, venison steaks, potatoes, tart.
	12	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, cheese.
	13	Fried fish	Soup, roast pork and partridge, potatoes.
	14	Fried fish	Soup, salt geese, ducks, potatoes, pudding.
	15	Fried fish	Soup, roast venison, curried partridge, potatoes.
	16	Beef steak	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, pudding, cheese.
	17	Fried fish	Soup, roast partridge, stewed rabbits, potatoes.
	18	Fried fish	Soup, venison pie and steaks, potatoes, tart.
	19	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, cheese.
	20	Fried fish	Soup, roast pork, potatoes, cheese.
	21	Fried fish	Soup, salt geese, curried fish, potatoes, pudding.
	22	Fried fish	Soup, roast partridge, stewed rabbits, potatoes.
	23	Beef steak	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, pudding, cheese.
	24	Fried fish	Soup, roast venison, potatoes, cheese.
	25	Fried fish and beef steak	Soup, roast beef, geese, potatoes, mince pies, pudding.
	26	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, cheese.
	27	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, boiled ham and tongues, mince pies.
	28	Fried fish	Soup, boiled pork, potatoes, peas, suet pudding.
	29	Fried fish	Soup, roast venison, potatoes, cheese.
	30	Fried fish	Soup, roast beef, potatoes, pudding, cheese.
	31	Fried fish	Soup, curried rabbit, roast partridge, potatoes.

On Sundays only, wines, madeira and port were served, whilst porter and spruce beer were supplied during the week.—*C. Harding.*

Rupert's House post of the Hudson's Bay Company on James Bay.

Mike McCluskie

By WM. WARE
Assistant Manager B.C. District

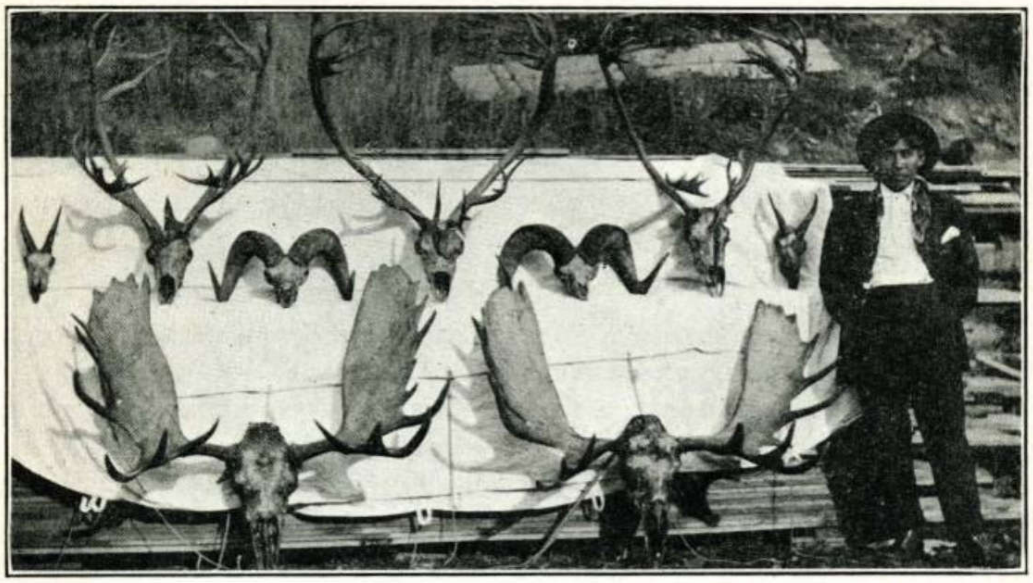
MIKE McCluskie is a splendid type of a thoroughbred Indian. He belongs to the Thaltan tribe, and was born some forty odd "snows" ago somewhere in the hunting grounds of Cassiar, in British Columbia. He received the finishing touches to his education from the prospectors, packers and others assembled at Glenora in 1898, during the Klondike rush. It was here he first acquired his taste for "draw" poker.

Every year from May to August he acts as *cargodor* on a packtrain, which means that he is the head man on the train. McCluskie has complete charge of one consisting of between thirty and forty horses which are used for packing supplies from Telegraph creek to the Dominion government's telegraph stations. This is an important job; before a man can become a *cargodor* he must know how to shoe, fix rigging, pack and ride horses, otherwise he would soon ruin the animals and incidentally the owner.

But it is as a guide to big game hunting parties that McCluskie is at his best. I doubt if his superior in this line can be found, as he is keen and a good judge of the size of horns at a distance; and he can handle men as well as horses. This was the Indian I engaged to conduct Lord Lascelles' big game hunt in Cassiar in 1911, with the result that the best average for size of horns was obtained by the party for that season.

Like all truly great men, McCluskie has his little weaknesses, and these in his case are "wine, women and—boots." Mike is quite a connoisseur of all forms of alcoholic beverages, and much deplores the poor stuff put on the market today. He sighs deeply and says it is "too bad" when told that he will never again get 35 overproof rum, as "them days is gone forever." I have seen him "loaded to the eyebrows," but he always carried the burden as a perfect gentleman should.

Being handsome and a bachelor and, what counts most, having always some loose change handy, he is naturally a great favorite with the ladies. Once he paid rather a little more attention that usual to a certain young lady, and cooled down rather too abruptly; consequently he got a harsh letter from the would-be father-in-law, an Indian named Jackson, who, after accusing Mike of tampering with the daughter's affections, requested pay for the numerous fancy moccasins and gloves presented by the girl to him. Mike persuaded one of the Company's clerks to write to Jackson to tell him that he could keep his daughter as she wasn't wanted, and that he would settle for the moccasins and gloves when he was paid for all the silk blouses and handkerchiefs he had supplied. Before closing the letter, asked if there was anything else he wanted to say, he said, "Tell him, Jackson, you go to hell!" Many conspiring mothers with daughters on their hands would like to capture Mike for a son-in-



Mike McCluskie with horns obtained by Lord Lascelles tn the Cassiar, 1911.

law, as he would make a good provider, but he is wary, preferring to pick and choose for a short time in preference to being tied down to one all the time.

McCluskie is most particular about his footwear, but it does not take much of a salesman to sell him a pair of shoes every time he comes to town, as all one has to do is to tell him that the boots being shown him are of the latest fashion and he will tell you to wrap them up. Give him quality and something new, and the price is of secondary consideration with him. What he does with so much footwear goodness only knows; perhaps history will tell.

Fur Traders "Drawing the Long Bow"

Curious, isn't it, the effect good liquor and good tobacco (proper spelling, *Imperial Mixture*) has in helping one to get off a good story, or how it adds to the enjoyableness of reading or listening to one? Perhaps the addiction to both is responsible for the following:

Two H.B.C. men were boasting about what they could do in the way of running broad jumping. Said the first, who was noted for his drawing of the long bow, "Once at Fort Ellice, at the 24th of May sports, I won the running long jump with a record of 29 feet, 3 inches."

The second H.B.C. fur trader looked rather sober for a minute. Then he commenced. "When I was a boy in Ontario, we lived near the Welland canal. My father sent me off one day with 1300 pounds of wool on my back to the carding mill, which was on the farther side of the canal and half way between two bridges six miles apart. To save my walking so far around, I jumped the canal, landing on the other side with a few feet to spare, and delivered my wool."

This produced perfect silence on the part of the first man for such a length of time that fur trader number two had time to add, as a kind of afterthought, "Of course there was not very much credit coming to me, as I had twelve miles of a run at it."—*W. H. Hutton.*

Lest We Forget

1. Longfellow could take a sheet of paper worth one-tenth of a cent, write a poem on it and make it worth $5,000.—That's Genius.

2. Rockefeller could take a similar sheet of paper, write a few words on it, and make it worth $10,000,000.—That's Capital.

3. The government can take a small piece of gold, stamp the king's head on it, and make it worth $10.—That's Money.

4. A skilled workman can take 30 cents worth of steel, make it into watch springs and make it worth $8,000.—That's Skill.

5. A merchant can take an article that cost him 90 cents and sell it for $1.—That's Business.

6. A woman can buy a good Fall hat for $10, but prefers one that costs $100.00.—That's Foolishness.

7. A miner can dig a ton of coal for less than we would wish to.—That's Labor.

8. The man who wrote this article can write a cheque for $1,000,000, but it wouldn't be worth 30 cents.—That's Tough.

9. There are some folks who will tell you that you can get as much out of life in other ways as you can by attending to your work.—That's Wrong.

10. The only way to get anything or anywhere in this world, folks, is to work hard and to the best of your ability. Don't forget that your work, whether good, bad or indifferent, will be recognized.—That's not Bull.

ROMANTIC, BUT NOT HALF BAD

The canoe scarcely moved. The man allowed his paddle to skim the quiet surface of the water as he watched the girl who sat facing him. Her slender head and shoulders were brought into shadowy relief by the yellow path of moonlight which stretched far out into the lake. The lazy thread of blue smoke from the man's pipe rose into the sombre mystery of the Indian summer night and disappeared—ghostlike.

A star fell.

A bird awoke and sang a sleepy little story to its mate.

Then—awed quietude.

Suddenly the girl spoke: "This ain't half bad, is it?"

He knocked the tobacco from his pipe and killed her.

Edmonton (Alta.) Store News

Miss Millie Reed has returned from Los Angeles, where she has resided for the past six months, and is once again in her accustomed place in the general office. Millie says Edmonton looks good to her and distant pastures green will never lure her away again. We were all pleased to see her looking so well.

Mrs. McDermid, department manager of the whitewear and infants sections, is away on a buying trip in the east.

Mr. Wallace, chief accountant, spent a delightful two-weeks vacation motoring to Banff and over the new trail to Lake Windermere.

Mr. W. E. Johnson, department manager of the footwear sections, left on an extensive buying trip, visiting all the leading eastern markets.

Miss McDonald, department manager of the millinery section, is also away buying for the fall.

Mr. Digney, display manager, left on his vacation for two weeks, motoring down to Banff and other places of interest.

Mrs. McLean, of the linen section, is still away on sick leave; but latest reports say she is progressing favourably.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: Mrs. McHardy, in the art needlework department; Mrs. Stocking, Miss Phibbs, Miss Mick, of the ladies' ready-to-wear section.

The following employees have left the store for other parts: Mrs. Wynn, Miss Dove, Miss Henderson, Miss Parish and Mr. Balland.

The following are away on holidays. Messrs. Crockett, Fulton, Digney and Cook; also the Misses White, Cox, Thibert, Martindale, Christie, Knight, Malone and Mrs. Duncan, Mrs Anderson, and Mrs. Fricker.

Miss Doris McLeod and Miss Hare are both away on vacation.

Deepest sympathy is extended to Miss Dolighan in her recent sad loss of her father, who succumbed to injuries received in an accident.

Staff Picnic at Alberta Beach

THE annual picnic which was held at Alberta Beach for the H.B.C. Edmonton store was one continual round of joy. It went over the top with a bang. Two hundred and fifty employees and their friends attended, and from start to finish there was not one dull moment. Four special coaches were added to the regular beach train for the benefit of the party. An excellent programme was arranged by the committee, and some very fine races were witnessed by the onlookers. H. G. Munro threw off the garb of general manager for the day and entered into the sports with his co-workers with the greatest enthusiasm. The remarks of approval from public and staff showed very clearly the popularity our general manager enjoys. This picnic has created a co-operative spirit among the staff which should augur good for better business. Credit is due W. Flemming and W. Stevens for the admirable manner in which they handled the refreshments.

Winners of the sporting events were as follows: *Men's race*, 100 yards—1, Mr. Love; 2, Mr. Hanna. *Ladies' race*, 50 yards—1, D. Whitton; 2, H. Mercier. *Boys' race*, (14 and under), 50 yards—1, Morgan; 2. Shaw; 3, Plowman. *Girls' race*, (14 and under), 50 yards—1, M. Patterson; 2, Hillier; 3, Kailiparchek. *Tiny Tots' race*, 25 yards—1, Patterson; 2, Whitton; 3, Crawford. *Three-legged race*, 75 yards—1, Sheppard and Hanna; 2, Buckles and Grey. *Egg-and-Spoon race*, 50 yards—1, Whitton; 2, Grey. *Balloon blowing*, 25 yards—1, Cunningham; 2, Love. *Boot race*, 50 yards—1, Bergot; 2, Davidson. *Executive race*, 75 yards—1, Johnson; 2, Falkins. *Walking race*, one-quarter mile—1, Grey; 2, Bergot. *Ladies' and Men's tie race*, 50 yards—1, Baker; 2, Cunningham. *Pick-a-back*, 50 yards—1, Hanna; 2, Love. *Sack race*, 75 yards—1, Baker; 2, Cunningham. *Ladies' tug-of-war*, married vs. single ladies—Single. *Men's tug-of-war*—Delivery department. The prizes were presented by Mrs. H. G. Munro. The following was the committee in charge: Judges, H. G. Munro, W. G. Cunningham, J. B. Wallace; announcer, Mr. Crockett; starter, Mr. Niven; stewards, Messrs. Hill, Stevens, Flemming, Plowman and Falkins. The Staff was allowed to come to business ready dressed for the picnic.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE PICNIC—While *Sheppard* watched, *Hanna* slept. Oley Yonson said, "Love will find a way." Mr. Munro said "Take the strain, boys." But he took the ground. Macfarlane was hanging on to a slender "Reid." The community singing led by the staff orchestra was the cat's "meow." Those who did not come are a sorry bunch. Joe Johnson was the popular flirt. Watson, you are wanted at the end of the coach! Plowman said, "Is this the fall of Babylon?" when Ivy sat on his chest. The dining-room girls have lots of pep. Cunningham liked his bumps. Hats off to J. B. Wallace and W. G. Cunningham. We'll say they are jolly good fellows. In the balloon blowing race, Cunningham Jr., was the "windiest guy." H. Cuthbertson is some stockroom for refreshments. The crowd was delighted to see our popular floor manager, Mr. Greaves, at the picnic.

We extend our sympathies to Mr. McPherson, of the furniture department, because of the accident which befell him whilst participating in the ladies' and men's tie race. It happened thus: Mr. McPherson and his fair partner had a good margin of a lead, when Mac's suspender became detached. With his usual Scotch caution, Mac stopped, retraced his steps and found his lost 'spender, but, alas, his competitors had passed

him, and we are left wondering "what doth it profit a man though he finds his suspender if he loses the blinking race?"

Ladies' Basketball—It will be too late to announce in this issue of *The Beaver* the final of the ladies' mercantile basketball league. The deciding game for the championship will be played the last week in August. The winners of each section in the league are the Government telephone head office and Ramsay's Limited. These two teams will play off the final the last week in August. During the interval, a 15-minute exhibition game will be played by the two teams ranking next in points—H.B.C. vs. Ross Flats. At the conclusion of the game, H. G. Munro (general manager) and J. Prest (president of the league) will present the cup to the winning team.

Wedding bells have been going full blast at Edmonton, the occasions being the marriages of Miss Bassett, of the art needlework department, and Miss Stevens, of the ladies' ready-to-wear. Upon their departure from the store they were both presented with silver tea sets by Mr. Cunningham (superintendent). Miss Bassett was looked upon as a fixture, having been with the Company for seven years in various departments, and it was quite a surprise to hear that she had decided to sign a new contract—with a life partner this time. The whole staff nuite in wishing them every happiness for the future.

Saskatoon (Sask.) Store News

Buyers in the Markets—Mrs. E. J. Pearce, ready-to-wear, Miss C. Madill, millinery and Miss W. Horrocks, smallwares, hosiery, fancy goods, etc., are now in the eastern markets making purchases for fall.

Promotions—B. Tupman is the new manager of the grocery department, filling the position vacated by Mr. Horne. "Bert" was an employee of J. F. Cairns for many years before the Hudson's Bay Company acquired the business.

Mr. Hummitch, manager of the shoe department, is enjoying two weeks' holidays.

Miss Wald resigned her position in the children's department to enter St. Paul's hospital as a nurse in training. We wish her the best of luck, but hope we may not require her services.

Miss MacMillan, formerly of the grocery staff, is now in charge of patterns.

A few things we would like to know—Why Mr. Parish is so "glum" these days? Someone remarked there's one week gone. Why "Scotty" is looking so pale? Did he forget to write to friend wife? Why does Miss Maud Devine require so much attention when roller skating?

Miss Hall, of the superintendent's office, is visiting at Vancouver.

Miss Buffey, of the general manager's office, returned recently, having completely recovered from a four weeks' illness.

Miss McLean is a new member of the office staff.

Miss Hurling joins the office staff to take up the duties of Miss Baird, who recently resigned.

We regret to report the illness of Miss Osborne.

Calgary (Alta.) Store News

An interesting ceremony took place at St. Mary's cathedral at 5.30 p.m. Wednesday, August 15th, when Miss Agnes Simpson, of the time office, was married to Mr. Sydney Palser, a commercial traveller employed by one of the local houses.

Miss E. Seaman, formerly secretary to Mr. Sparling, left the service of the Company on Saturday, August 4th. Miss Seaman's marriage to Mr. H. Wright, of this city, will take place in September. On the evening of her departure, a group of Miss Seaman's friends presented her with a silver casserole with pyrex inset.

Another pretty wedding took place in St. Mark's church, South Calgary, on August 15th, when Miss Zillah Johnson, of the accounting office, became the bride of Mr. J. Leach, of this city.

The Scotch of It—A well known employee of the Calgary branch, who by the way was born in Scotland, went to the Capitol theatre one night recently with a friend. As the employee (whom we will call J) made no move to pay for the tickets, the friend said he would pay for them. "No,"

said J, "I will pay for the seats." "Oh, that's all right," said his friend, "I will pay for them." "No," repeated J, "You have been very good to me lately. I have been eating at your house and it hasn't cost me a cent. However, I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll match to see who pays for the seats." The strange part of this story lies in the fact that when they matched J won!

Following the announcement by head offices at Winnipeg of the inauguration of the zone system in management of the Company's stores, Mr. P. J. Parker has taken over the supervision of the three Alberta branches. Mr. Parker is well known to the Calgary staff; in fact, a great many of them still in the store worked under him during his former term of management here. Mr. Sparling, retiring general manager, has left the service of the Company, and at the time of his departure from Calgary was presented by the members of the store staff with a solid gold pencil and by the buyers and department managers with a platinum and gold watch chain. The presentations were made Friday evening, August 10th, after the store closed.

On Tuesday, August 14th, a very pleasant evening was spent at the home of Miss Annie Anderson, where a miscellaneous shower was held in honor of Miss C. Harrigan, one of our telephone operators, who is a September bride-elect. Miss Harrigan was the recipient of a number of very useful gifts. Among those present were: Misses C. Harrigan, A. Anderson, Warren, Lawrence, Burns, Beck, Stanhope, Cork, McRae and P. Harrigan; Mesdames Langille, Stewart, Gilbert and Campbell.

Vancouver (B.C.) Store News

Eight Hundred Attend Annual Picnic

FAVORED by a fair wind and loaded with the youth and beauty of the Hudson's Bay Company employees' association, the good ship *Princess Mary* threaded her way out through the narrows at an early hour, bound for Ganges harbor, the capital city of Salt Spring island, where the association had elected to hold its annual picnic. There were about 800 members of the association aboard with their wives, children and friends.

After a fast run of three and a half hours, the ship docked at the island and was received by the majority of the population on the pier before proceeding to the fair grounds, where the long programme of sports was to take place. Here the party broke up into groups and scattered through the adjacent woods to attack and demolish the contents of hundreds of opulent-looking baskets and parcels. When this important function was concluded, the sports began and occupied the whole afternoon.

The contests were well filled and in many cases called for several heats before they could be settled. It was a little unfortunate that the track was a bit lumpy in parts, as this reduced the speed and vitiated the chances of some of the competitors. In two cases it was responsible for what might have been serious accidents, one lady runner taking a fall and being picked up unconscious. Another lady hit her thumb with a hammer in the nail-driving contest, but the presence of Dr. Ford with the party solved the problem of first aid in a very practical manner.

Much of the success of the outing was due to the unremitting toil of H. P. R. Gant, chairman of the social committee, which also included Misses E. S. Morley, E. Findlay, B. Blake, S. Story, R. Bryant, V. Dundas, G. MacFarlane, L. Andrew and H. Turner, as well as Messrs. E. L. Anderson, A. Taylor, L. Little, D. Dale, F. A. Wilson and A. E. Young.

The sports results were as follows: *Junior girl's race* (6 years and under), 25 yards—1, Lizzie Greer; 2, John Wilson; 3, Hilda Clifford. *Junior girls' race* (6 to 9 years), 25 yards—1, Ethel Emery; 2, E. Walker; 3, Ethel Astor. *Junior boys' race* (6 years and under), 25 yards—1, Roy Abell; 2, George Thomas; 3, Earl Greer. *Girls' race* (9 to 12 years), 50 yards—1, Myrtle Caplin; 2, E. Denne; 3, M. Hutchinson. *Boys' race* (9 to 12 years), 50 yards—1, R. Hanar; 2, Howard Caplin; 3, B. Black. *Messengers' race* (girls), 75 yards—1, E. Cobbin; 2, R. Anderson; 3, C. Fletcher. *Messengers' race* (boys), 75 yards—1, H. Nutford; 2, L. French; 3, R. Norman. *Women's race* (18 years and over), 75 yards—1, E. Decker; 2, M. McKellar; 3, L. Marshall. *Men's race*, 100 yards—1, E. Williams; 2, J. H. Galbraith; 3, R. Rutherford. *Putting the shot*—1, J. Galbraith; 2, R. Hood; 3, R. Laney. *Relay race*—1, E. Williams; 2, G. Penny; 3, P. Rutherford; 4, S. Purdy. *Mixed three-legged race*, 50 yards—Rose Anderson, Arthur Yates and M. McKellar were the winners. *Hudson's Bay Employees' Wives' race*, 50 yards—1, Mrs. Abell; 2, Mrs. J. Galbraith; 3, Mrs. Clifford. *Men's sack race*, 50 yards— 1, J. Johnston; 2, E. Williams; 3, E. Elcock.

Prior to relinquishing his position in Vancouver as merchandise manager to take his new position as manager of the Company's store in Victoria, A. J. Watson was the recipient of a very handsome cabinet of silver, containing a complete table service of one hundred pieces, each piece being engraved with his initial.

H.B.C. Presents Fur to Mrs. Harding

AN Old World historical touch was given to the visit of President and Mrs. Harding to Vancouver on July 26th, when the Hudson's Bay Company carried out an old custom required by the charter of the Company granted by King Charles II in 1670 to Prince Rupert and other "Gentlemen Adventurers of England." This provided that whenever a royal personage should visit Canada the Company should "deliver a supply of furs." Anxious to carry out the very letter of the terms of the charter, as well as to do honor to such distinguished visitors, the Company regarded President Harding as being "a royal person." The presentation was made at the Hotel Vancouver.

The gift was a stole made from a natural silver fox skin trapped in the Peace River country in the province of Alberta by a half-breed

Indian, who estimated the age of the fox at between three and four years. The trapper described him as being one of the most cunning foxes he ever caught, the cunning animal having eluded his trap for more than two years. The skin was in prime condition, uninjured in any way—a pelt of unusual rarity, and typically appropriate and worthy to represent the oldest fur company in the world.

The skin was dressed and finished in the company's fur factory in Vancouver, and the stole was completed with a white gold chain fastening and platinum catch bearing the company's coat-of-arms.

Victoria (B.C.) Store News

G. A. H. Porte Resigned

It was with considerable regret that we learned of the retirement of G. A. H. Porte from the managership of Victoria store owing to ill-health. Mr. Porte has been in the service of the Company for over a quarter of a century. He joined the organization in April, 1898, and since that time has made steady progress, passing through many important positions. In 1913 he was appointed assistant manager of the Vancouver establishment. He was selected to open the Victoria store in 1921 and to fill the important position of general manager. During his stay in Victoria Mr. Porte endeared himself to a large circle of friends, and it was with the sincerest regret that they learned of his decision to leave the city.

Before retiring from the general managership of Victoria store, G. A. H. Porte was the recipient of a handsome upholstered chair and a pair of binoculars, presented to him by the entire staff as a token of esteem and the high regard in which he was held.

A. J. Watson is New Manager

Alexander J. Watson, who took over the management of Victoria store at the beginning of August, has been in the service of the Company since 1908, first coming to Canada five years previously from Hull, England. In 1914, he was appointed merchandise manager at Vancouver, in which capacity he has served until his appointment last month as manager of the Victoria establishment. Mr. Watson is a keen business man, having a close practical knowledge of all lines of merchandise, and his pleasing personality has already won for him numerous friends in Victoria.

In honor of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Watson, a pleasant social evening was spent last month at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pout. The function also took the form of a farewell reception to Mrs. Pout and her daughter, who are leaving for Europe, where Miss May Pout will take up further studies in music. During the evening Miss Pout entertained the com-

pany with some beautiful pianoforte renderings. Among those present were: Miss M. Grimason, Miss A. G. McLaren, Mrs. Abbott; Messrs. M. H. Mowry, W. G. Florence, J. A. Davidson, J. Hunter, W. N. Smith, A. R. Mann, E. Martin, R. C. Gordon, W. T. Edgecomb, J. W. Ambrey, A. S. Woollard and G. Lovatt.

Recalling Events of Heroic Days

AN interesting visitor to the Victoria store recently was Mrs. Cole Stanton, now residing at Roseburg, Oregon. Mrs. Stanton is the daughter of the late James Sinclair, of Hudson's Bay Company's fort at Walla Walla, who was in charge there in 1856 when that fort was destroyed by belligerent Indians and never restored.

Mrs. Stanton, who is a hearty old lady of nearly seventy, describes in a very interesting manner her early experiences and the tragic events which ended in the wiping out of Fort Walla Walla and the killing of her father by the Indians.

The Indians had been gathered about the fort in their war paint and feathers. The Indian agent had warned Mr. Sinclair that he should remove from Walla Walla, but the Hudson's Bay Company's official, with the fearlessness so characteristic of that service, persisted in staying at his post. With the men from the fort he had gone some distance away to do some planting. A hill separated the fort from the garden spot so that they could not see what was taking place about the fort.

A party of Indians headed by the chief passed through the fort, entering by one gate and passing out through the other. Mrs. Stanton recalls the fact that her mother, seeking to safeguard the children, put them all under a bed. The Indian chief opened the door and walked into the house. The gay feathers of the chief attracted Mrs. Stanton, then only about three and a half years old, and she remembers crawling out to look at the Indian. The chief, seeing her, lifted her up. Her mother at once seized a gun. The Indian dropped the child and ran.

On the return of her father, under cover of darkness they made their escape to Fort Vancouver in what is now Washington state. The Indians destroyed Fort Walla Walla, and on March 28th, 1856, when returning after leaving the women and children at Fort Vancouver, Mr. Sinclair was killed by the Indians.

Mrs. Stanton was also a recent visitor to Winnipeg and passed through the old gates of Fort Garry, from which she passed out on the long trek across half the continent nearly seventy years ago.

Cricket Notes—Congratulations to S. Ward on his splendid displays of batting in our recent cricket games. 72, 97 and 100 runs in three games is splendid. The team has won five games consecutively under their new captain, C. Speak.

The Victoria readers of *The Beaver* extend to Mr. Pout their sincerest wishes for his success as manager of the Vernon store. Mr. Pout has made a host of friends while in Victoria, and they are keenly sorry to see him go.

Miss Bessie Morris, who has sought pastures new in Port Angeles, was presented with a suit case by her office associates before making her departure from Victoria.

Miss Brimstone, also of the office staff, has gone to seek a fortune in Seattle. Before leaving she was presented with a handsome hand bag by a few of her well-wishers. Good luck and the best wishes to both these young ladies.

A hearty welcome is extended to the three new members of the office staff, Misses A. Ramsay, E. Hall and V. Gibson.

Miss Margaret Kermode has been transferred from the audit to the credit department.

Grocery Dept. Enjoys Picnic

We are pleased to report a most enjoyable Wednesday afternoon picnic was held at Elk Lake August 15th, organized by Hudson's Bay grocery department and under the direct supervision of Mr. Haines, to whom much credit is due.

Leaving the store at 1.15 p.m. by Mr. Taylor's big new sightseeing car, with pavement all the way, we were very soon at Elk Lake, tables set, and enjoying our lunch. The weather was warm even in the shade; so was the water, which proved the greatest attraction of the day.

The most important incidents of the day were: Mr. Lovat gave exhibition of diving with Master Eric Dunn on his back. Mrs. Dunn was determined to go down the chute, but changed her mind after starting, losing confidence. Mr. Lovat went to the rescue. Miss Welsh and Miss Whiffin learned to dive head first. Mr. Grant, of the furniture department, carried off the honors for high diving. Mr. Stark assisted someone to fix a tire, and in bending down too far he heard something rip. He thought it was another tire; but it wasn't. Miss Welsh, or Maggie as she is better known, led the singing and Mr. Gordon Harris led the noise on the way home. We are usually a quiet lot, but we certainly loosened up some on that day.

Winnipeg (Man.) Store News

Nellie Page, of the home furnishings department, recently left for South Bend, Indiana, where her father has taken up his residence.

Messrs. Healy and Browne, of the home furnishings department, enjoyed some good fishing at Grand Beach recently. Chas. Healy is an expert angler, but it fell to the lot of Craig Browne, who is an amateur, to land the big fish—a 9¾ pound bass, which caused quite a sensation among the campers.

Mr. Lee, of the home furnishings department, is leaving soon for Los Angeles, California.

Mr. Stannard, who left the department a few months ago, writes that he is doing well in California. He has met Arthur Matheson and Mr. Campbell, former H.B.C. employees.

We extend a hearty welcome to Miss Mills, formerly of the home furnishings department, who has returned after an illness of about five months.

Sidney Lovegrove was one of the chief causes for the financial success of the recent lacrosse carnival. He haunted the midway night after night in the hope of winning a big kewpie doll. Despite large inroads into his reserve funds, he did not succeed in winning one, but instead won an alarm clock, which was decidedly more useful than ornamental.

Mrs. Hardwicke, nee Miss B. Ould, recently returned from her wedding trip. She strongly advises all girls to enter domestic science as a life profession. She also insists on being called Mrs. Hardwicke. On leaving to be married, Miss Ould was presented with a beautiful silver tea service by her co-workers.

Miss Cecilia Young, from the audit office, was the recipient of a beautiful table lamp and a great shower of confetti when she left the store on Saturday, August 18th. The wedding took place August 25th.

Miss Rene Glass has proved herself a very efficient young lady not only in cashing but also in doing the latest dance steps. At the recent carnival held at the Stadium, Miss Glass was awarded second prize in the fox-trot contest.

Lots of fun and great sporting events marked the annual picnic of the Grand Beach community club on Saturday, August 18th, participated in by several H.B.C. campers. A masquerade dance in the evening was a huge success. Some clever costumes were displayed by H.B.C. people, notably Mr. Robinson. Motion pictures of the events were taken and were shown in a Winnipeg theatre.

It is with pleasure we report Messrs. Pearon and Dunbar (victims of the serious auto accident of July) well on the road to convalescence. Both are at their homes and are making the best of conditions, Mr. Dunbar especially being quite cheery. A good many of his co-workers make a point of calling on him and keep him informed of doings in the store. Mr. Pearon is still under the care of a nurse and cannot yet receive his friends freely.

Mr. Hardiman, custodian, informs *The Beaver* that upwards of 2000 persons, coming from every part of the world, have entered their names in the register since last August.

The tourist business is becoming of considerable importance to Canada, as more and more people take up auto travelling. This summer Winnipeg has received quite an appreciable influx of visitors, who find accommodation in a well-appointed camp on the old exhibition grounds. The store's historical exhibit is one place that interests all tourists, and a record is kept of out-of-town visitors.

A pretty wedding was solemnized on August 1st between Elfreda Mellors, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Mellors, of Winnipeg, to Thomas Harold Nicholls, at All Saints' church, Winnipeg. The bridegroom, who is one of the H.B.C. land department travelling representatives, has with him all good wishes from that department for his future happiness. The happy couple left for Minaki on their honeymoon.

Keele Wins Two H.B. Golf Finals

On August 12th, at the Municipal golf course, T. F. Reith and A. H. Keele met in the final of the store competition under match play rules. To enter the final Mr. Reith (scratch) had previously defeated Mr. Whalley (27) by 3 up and 2, and Mr. Keele (7) had defeated Mr. Scott (27) by 6 up and 5. A very close contest resulted in a victory for Mr. Keele by 3 up and 1, the match finishing on the 17th green. At no hole did more than a stroke separate the players. The handicap of 7 was just sufficient to insure victory for Mr. Keele. The final scores were Keele 89, Reith 85, evidence that good golf was played.

On August 19th Mr. Keele was pitted against Mr. Miller in the final of the H.B.C. Winnipeg championship. The match was played at the Municipal course under medal play, total strokes to count, Mr. Keele's handicap 15, and Mr. Miller's handicap 27. Another very close struggle took place, both players being in good form. At the half-way mark Mr. Miller was leading by 4 strokes, but later Mr. Keele picked up and at the 17th green was one stroke up. The 18th decided the issue. Mr. Keele found the ditch with his drive, but Mr. Miller, although clearing the ditch, was very weak with two approach shots. Mr. Keele recovering well from the ditch, won by one stroke. The scores were: Keele (86 less 15) 71; Miller (99 less 27) 72. We extend congratulations to him on his good work in winning first place in both competitions.

Tom Johnson, a respected and respectable member of our clothing department staff, was pitched into Lake Winnipeg by an infuriated group of campers on August 18th at Grand Beach. Tom is unofficial mayor of Grand Beach, and was acting as judge at the local sports carnival. At the conclusion of the event, without a word of warning, an angry mob seized him and threw him bodily into the water, white ducks, sports shirt and all. They accused him of awarding all the prizes to Irish friends of his.

Take Warning, Young Men!

By GEORGE FOSTER

CHARLIE Henry William Richard Arthur Cedric Brown, declared I'm tired of single life; I'm going to settle down. He said I'll pick me out a wife, a cute one with blue eyes, and you can bet that I'll grow fat on homemade bread and pies. He started out to find her, to look for his ideal, to find a pretty little girl, his aching heart to heal. He found a charming little lass with curly golden hair. He said, by gosh, she'll suit me fine; such girls as her are rare. He courted her and won her and took her for his wife, and swore he'd love and honor her as long as he had life. But when it comes to cooking grub, what use are golden locks? Her pies resembled slabs of stone, her bread was more like rocks. She cooked potatoes without salt, and tried to bake the porridge; she tried to make a grapefruit stew, and tried to skin a sausage. The food was more than Brown could stand. He thought his heart would break when he ripped teeth off all his saws trying to cut a steak. A sick and sorry man is Brown—his wife she's not much better—and now his great ambition is to loose the marriage fetter. He yearns all day for single bliss, for freedom once again, when he could eat a pudding without a chronic pain. Are wedding bells quite all they claim? Ah, that is quite a question; for all they did for poor old Brown was give him indigestion.

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